

THE EMINISCENCES OF CARL
SCHURZ

countenanced by any person capable of sound reasoning. But the public mind was under the influence of hot feeling¹. Swift vengeance overtook the known murderer of Lincoln. The death of Booth was as luridly picturesque and theatrical as he himself might have desired. After a reckless flight through Maryland, across the Potomac into Virginia, constantly tortured by excruciating pain from a broken leg, Booth took refuge in the tobacco-shed of a Virginia farmer, where on the night of the 23rd of April he was detected by the pursuing soldiery. Summoned to surrender, he not only refused, but, rifle in hand, he rather challenged his pursuers to fight. The shed was set on fire, and in the flickering light of the flames he grimly received the bullet which put an end to his life. The diary which he kept as that of a public character of importance, showed that to the last his poor brain had been puzzled by the question why he should be hunted like a wild beast while Brutus and Tell figured as heroes in the history of the world. The other known members of the conspiracy, except one, were caught and held for trial, the result of which everybody foresaw.

«. *¹ It was *H«*y believed that the abominable crime had been the upshot of an extensive ronsrrac among the principal Southern leaders— that it *?? ^ ^ ^ 1 ^kedness of the rebellion as such be investigated, prosecuted, and punished.

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